http://ladyknightanka.livejournal.com/17965.html?thread=314925#t314925

Timing, as Gabriel knows, is key. It's why he decides to convince Sam Winchester that they should have a relationship by skipping the foreplay entirely and skipping straight to the sex. Sam thinks too much, Gabriel doesn't feel like explaining why he's alive (it's long story), skipping right to the good part seems like the best idea.

So: one minute Sam's asleep in his bed, the next his hips are propped up on a pillow and he's spread and ready and Gabriel has his tongue in his ass.

It's quite a way to wake up.

Sam's thoughts are a jumble of ohgodthatfeelsgood and notadreamnotdream! and who'sbehindme and ohfuckthatfeelsgood and when he opens his mouth to ask questions, he moans.

He should probably go for a weapon, but the tongue in him probes deeper and Sam's world whites out for a moment as he shouts and arches up and tries to grind his hips forward into the pillow at the same time.

He squirms, gasping, and tries to ask *who*, but -

The tongue swirls around his entrance and Sam didn't know he had a thing for this, or that he could come so *hard* just from a tongue there.

He makes a strangled noise into his pillow and lets himself be rolled over and stares at the ceiling while he tries to bring back enough energy to confront whoever it is.

A hand reaches up and tugs on his hair and if it's a demon Sam's going to really regret needing to kill it. He steels himself, and looks down.

"Miss me?" Gabriel asks, grinning.

Sam lets his head thunk back on the pillow.